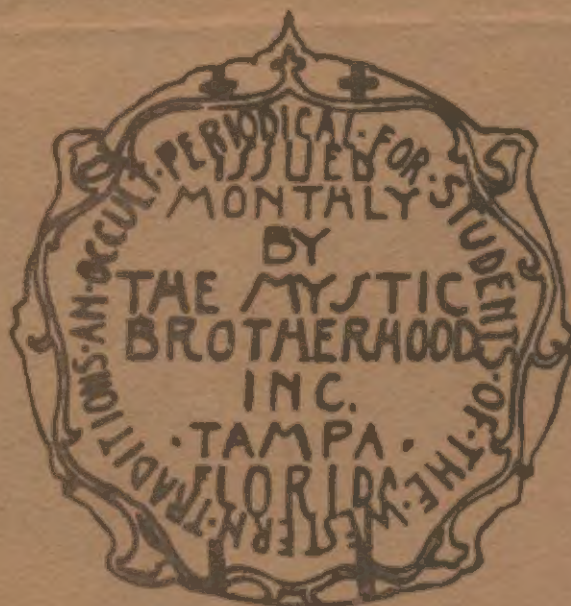




# The Mystic Messenger

JANUARY 1943

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## MEDITATIONS AND PRAYERS

Week of January 4th through January 10th

Meditation....."Resolve to seek thine own commendation, to appear fair- in the eyes of God, desire to become pure with thine own pure self, and with God."

Prayer....."Holy God, may my life each day reflect only the pure brightness of my Spirit. May the light of the eternal day fill my soul with glory and may the helpfulness, the cheeriness of my life proclaim the beauty of my God."

Week of January 11th through January 17th

Meditation....."Do that which is assigned you and you cannot hope or dare too much." Emerson

Prayer....."Lord of Man, Thou Who didst know the ways of toil, bless my work this week. May I do it well, as unto Thee. May it show high faith and broad vision and be ever worthy a disciple of Truth.

Week of January 18th through January 24th

Meditation....."Pity and fairness - two little words which carried out, would embrace the utmost delicacies of the moral life - seem to me not to rest on an unverifiable hypothesis, but on facts quite as irreversible as the perception that a pyramid will not stand on its apex."

Prayer....."Gracious, Compassionate Father, wilt Thou teach me the breadth and depth of Thy sympathies? Save me from all selfishness. May there be room in my life for the affairs of others. May some tired birds of the air find lodgment in my branches."

Week of January 25th through January 31st

Meditation.....All service ranks the same with God.

Prayer....."God of all life, wilt Thou teach me the power of the smallest ministries? May I not despise the things that are least. May I pay heed to all the courtesies of life. Help me to be kindly in speech, and tender and graceful in behaviour."



# THE MYSTIC MESSENGER

The Mystic Messenger is a monthly periodical authorized by the Mystic Brotherhood as a channel for news of general interest to the students of the organization and articles of importance to followers of the Pathway of Western Occultism.....

**I**n one of the late months of the year Nature annually presents a wondrous scene. All year she trains and develops her great Star for this one appearance. No sign is given throughout this time of what is to take place, no hint of the heavenly beauty that is to unfold in a single night, yet that whole year is required, no lesser time could bring forth the glory that is called a night-blooming cereus. Plain, green stalks draw to themselves throughout day after day, month after month, the nourishment that will create a bloom so gorgeous that all who gaze upon it feel that they have caught a glimpse of something from a higher world.

On one memorable occasion, some years ago, I was privileged to see, not the blooming, but the bloom of that rare cactus plant. About a week before I had visited a nearby small nursery where the gracious nurseryman had shown me the cereus and explained that it was soon to bloom. When that evening came, he promised, he would send me word that I might witness Nature's presentation of her year's patient work.

Several days went by and I thought that perhaps my friend had forgotten, but then one stormy night, with thunder crashing, high winds whipping the tree tops, and lightning stabbing thru the dark-

ness, there came a knock. The door was opened....standing there, eyes shining, quite unconcerned for the weather, was a messenger from the nurseryman and silently stretching forth his arms, he filled my own with the flowers of the night blooming cereus. Through all the rain, which he felt would keep me from witnessing the wondrous event, my friend sent the blooms to me. Never shall I forget the inspiration of that experience, the awareness of a great spiritual impulse as in reverent admiration I looked upon their beauty.

Ever since as I recall it, the thought returns of how symbolic of the cycle of our lives, is this flowering of the cereus. As the 'year' opens, the Divine Within renews our urge to unfoldment. We resolve that we will draw upon the Limitless Supply of the Great Cosmic Mind to build toward our goal. As the 'months' go by, we may not be able to see any outward sign of the preparation that is being made, no hint may be given of the Beauty and Wonder of that moment that is to come, and then as our 'year' draws to a close, one night the miracle takes place. An Inner Radiance shines forth... ..the flower has bloomed!

Whether it be a year of earth-time, or a year in the Soul's Cosmic reckoning, our cycles of life, like the cereus plant are

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## GLEANINGS FROM STUDENTS' LETTERS

Through affirmations we contact a power which can help us or hinder us in our development, all depends how we use this power. For instance, very often we are dissatisfied with the environment we have to live in and try to build new environment in the future which, we think, will be more suited for our development. By using affirmations, if we are persistent enough, we manage, to some extent, to accomplish it. But what is achieved by that? As I can see it, we only retard our development by doing so. If we are pressed by undesirable conditions it is not because Deity has forgotten us or because we have not known certain affirmations. There is a cause for everything and our life's problem is to find out the causes as many as we are capable and to eliminate those of them which bring undesirable effects. To relieve our hardships by use of affirmations without finding the causes is to postpone the solution of our problems for some time. The undesirable conditions will come back and often in a more disagreeable form. If we think that environment is a handicap to our progress we are like children who blame the school for their failure to learn their lessons.

.....Andrew Erdman, F. M. B.

Healing word of Christ so dear  
Speak to me that I may hear;  
Let my daily life express  
Truth and Love and Righteousness.

Healing Mind of Christ Supreme,  
Be Thy thoughts my daily theme;  
Teach me how to do Thy Will  
Know the Truth, and just be still.

Healing Power of Christ profound,  
More and more in me abound;  
From self-seeking make me free,  
Build my life alone in Thee.

Healing Love of Christ, Divine,  
I would make Thee fully mine;  
Dwell within me now I pray,  
Keep me strong and brave today.

....Gale Powell, F.M.B.

For some time I have been considering the importance of a willingness to place ourselves in a mood receptive to God's Will. Following are my comments on this subject. I believe that if "Thy Will be done" is properly understood and put into practice, such application will have very definite effect on our unfoldment of consciousness.

It is erroneously believed by many individuals that God's Way is a difficult one and that assuming an attitude of "Thy Will be done" will very likely bring hardships and troubles. Little do such persons realize how far astray humanity has gone from the Divine Way and that it is turning from selfish personal ways which really presents the difficulty.

Likewise, it is a common habit of the human mind to look to or for results without giving due consideration to the working of a principle and this in itself prevents one from fully understanding the application of a specific principle. If we assume that God's Will represents harsh or unjust punishment, we already are defeated in giving in to such Will instead of being blessed.

There is a vital meaning within "Thy Will be done" and it is closely associated with that quality which we call Faith. First of

(continued on page 6)



"B A  
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G I A  
N I N"

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E

The magic corridor of Time brings another view before us, we round a corner and there....ahead is the New Year! It is enveloped in a misty haze it is true, the sign posts of its months are all that can be seen clearly.....all, except one other banner, on which the eyes that Faith has opened can read four words....."You can begin again!"

A simple message, that which the untrodden path of the new year places at its entrance, but a powerful one! The incompleted work, the disappointments, the failures .....these do not matter....they are of the past and now "You can begin again!"

Of course, we can't wipe out the effects of all past acts with the sweep of those four stirring words. What will accrue from the forces we have set into motion must accord with their nature and intent but we need not let that weigh us down....."We can begin again." We can commence now, to do the things that we have been postponing, we can transpose "good intentions" into acts; we can begin to say now those cheery and cheering words we have thought of saying to some soul in need of comfort; we can begin now to make a smile lift our own and another's spirit!

This is a possibility, true, that we have every day, every hour, yes, every minute of the year, but because there has been associated with this calendar change, from the last day of an old year to the first day of a new, the idea of "beginning again" there has built up about this time a strong magnetic vibration, that both urges and supports our individual efforts toward betterment of ourselves, our affairs and our relationships with others.

Just as the farmer takes advantage of the warm spring rains in the breaking of the soil and the planting of his crops, why should not we take advantage of the stimulating warmth of the New Year's vibrations in the harrowing of new furrows of thought and the planting of new causes, which are to reorganize and bring forth in our lives the finer, better, more constructive and satisfying things we desire.

But as the farmer does not rely wholly upon the rains, knowing the many other things upon which his crop depends, his work, the nourishment he puts into the soil.....so we cannot just make our resolutions at the New Year and go no further; there must be a steady determination in following through, working day by day along the new lines, feeding the new motives with the nourishment of encouragement, of enthusiasm and of joy in what is being done.

It will be worth-while, of that we can be very sure, to accept this new beginning both as a privilege and a responsibility, using it now and cooperating with its development as the days go by.

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It is midnight, my friends now it is one minute past midnight and the year is dead, past midnight and the year is born and between the death of a year and the birth there comes a deep high fragment of a Song into the Silenced World. Let us not weep that what is past, is past. Let us rather laugh the low laughter of remembrance, and of hope because what is to be is to be."

Kahlil Gibran, "Son of Man".



The village Jester, a philosopher at heart, had challenged Aldebaran to go forth to fight his greatest enemy, Despair.....  
...Such call to arms seemed mockery as Aldebaran looked down upon his twisted limbs, but as the blood-stone on his finger met his sight his kingly soul leapt up. "I'll keep the oath! he cried, and struggling to his feet laid hand upon the jewelled hilt that decked his side.

"By sheathed sword, since blade is now denied me," he swore, "I'll win the future that my stars foretold."

His merry host made festival when they at last came to his dwelling. "Ho, ho!" he laughed. "They say it is an ill wind that blows good to none. Now thou dost prove the proverb. The tempest that didst blow thee from thy course mayhap may send me on my way rejoicing. I long have wished to leave this land and seek the distant province where my kindred dwell, but there was never one to take my place. And when I spake of going, my townsmen said me nay. 'Twas quite as bad, they vowed, as if the priest should suddenly desert his parish, with none to shepherd his abandoned flock. 'Who'll cheer us?' they demanded. 'Who'll help us bear our troubles by making us forget them? Thou canst not leave us, Piper, until some other merry soul comes by to set our feet a-dancing. 'Now thou art come."

"Yes, I! A merry soul indeed!" Aldebaran cried in bitterness.

"Well, maybe not quite that," his host admitted. "But thou couldst pass as one. Thou couldst at least put on my grotesque garb, couldst learn the quips and quirks by which I make men laugh."

Aldebaran hid his face within his hands. "My soul abhors the thought, that I, a king's son should descend to this! The jest-

er's motley and the cap and bells. How can I play such a part?"

"Because thou art a king's son," said the Jester, "That in itself is ample reason that thou shouldst play more royally than other men whatever part Fate may assign thee."

Aldebaran sat wrapped in thought. "I'll take thy offer, friend and give thee gratitude."

And so next day the two went forth together. Aldebaran showed a brave front to the crowd, glad of the painted mask that hid his features, and no one guessed the misery that lurked beneath his laugh. It was a thing he loathed, and yet 'twas as the Jester said, his training in the royal court had made him sharp of wit and quick to read men's minds; and to the countrymen who gathered there his keen replies were wonderful. So royally he played his part, that even on the first day he surpassed his teacher. The Jester, jubilant that this was so, thought that his time to leave was near at hand, but when that night they reached his dwelling Aldebaran tore off the painted mask and threw himself upon the hearth.

"'Tis more than flesh can well endure!" he cried. "All day the thought of what I've lost was like a constant sword-thrust in my heart. Instead of deference and respect that once was mine from high and low, 'twas laugh and jibe and pointing finger."

The Jester looked down on Aldebaran's wan face. It was white and drawn, so he made no answer for the moment. But when the fire was kindled, and they had supper the broth set out in steaming bowls upon the table, he ventured a word of cheer.

"At any rate," he said, "for one whole day thou hast kept thy oath. No matter what the anguish  
(continued on page 6)



## HALL OF SEVEN THRONES

In a low voice  
the youth continued  
....."I saw a mighty

By.....Alan M. Emley

I listened to  
the whisper of the  
wind. At first it was  
a meaningless sound

bull standing in a  
meadow. Great it was and strong  
beyond all things of the earth.  
A multitude came and admired it,  
and some fell down and worshipped.  
'How powerful it is,' they cried,  
and no one seemed to notice that  
the bull was tethered about the  
neck with a chain that it could  
not break."

Again the organ sounded, and  
a second corridor blazed with  
light. At the far end stood a  
throne of ebony, and above it was  
the word: "AUTHORITY".

"And what of this throne?"  
came the Master's quiet voice.  
"Is this the one you choose?"  
"Nay," Rolland answered, "for  
there is also the chain. An all  
wise God hath provided it."

The organ note ceased and the  
lights went out. Rolland remained  
with bowed head.

"In my search," he continued,  
"I listened to the buzzing of the  
bee as it passed from flower to  
flower, and it told me the secret  
of financial success. It seemed  
to murmur: 'All day long, from  
early light to darkness, I gather  
honey. I gather more than I can  
use. When I die I shall leave much  
honey to others. Would you gain  
my secret? Then know that I con-  
centrate on my one objective to  
the exclusion of all others.'"

As Rolland's voice ceased  
the organ again pealed forth,  
and a light sprang up in the  
third corridor. At the far end  
was a throne of gold, and above  
it was the word: "WEALTH".

"Wilt thou take this throne,  
my brother?" the Master asked.

Rolland shook his head and  
looked at the floor. The sound  
of organ music died, and the light  
faded away into darkness.

"As I journeyed on through  
the Great World," the youth con-  
tinued, "I came to a forest where

with neither joy nor sadness, and  
then it seemed to speak to me.  
'I move,' it said. 'I represent  
the only thing in all the universe  
that is certain. Would you know  
what that certainty is? It is  
change.'"

Again came the peal of an  
organ, and a light sprang up in  
the fourth corridor, and a throne  
of white alabaster appeared.  
Above it flamed the word: KNOW-  
LEDGE".

The Master questioned gently,  
and Rolland shook his head. The  
light faded into darkness, and the  
sound of the organ died away.

"In my journey," the youth  
continued, "I observed many times  
the passing of night and day, and  
how they returned again without  
ceasing. Also I observed the same  
phenomenon in the passing of the  
year from mid-summer to mid-wint-  
er, and I saw people from baby-  
hood to the evening of old age,  
and then on into the night, I saw  
not only the day side of life, O  
Master, but I peered over the  
twilight rim into the night, and  
I beheld there the life e'er it  
returned again into the day. It  
was the same cycle that I had ob-  
served in the day and darkness,  
and I knew that all things move  
accordingly. When we comprehend  
this we know that is in the store-  
house of the future, and great may  
be the Power of one who under-  
stands the cosmic cycle that goes  
on and on and never ends."

Again the organ sounded, and  
the fifth corridor flamed into  
light. At the far end was a throne  
of deep red, and above it was the  
word: "PROPHECY".

Rolland shook his head when  
the Master's question was spoken,  
and the music ceased and the light  
dimmed and died.

(to be continued)



(continued from page 1)

ones of slow, patient growing. We are the Star life trains for this great experience and our reward the unalterable promise of Illumination which will surely come.

.....Sri Veritus.

...V...V...V...V...V...V...V...V...V

(continued from page 2)

all, "Thy Will be done" consists of willingness, free will let us say, a choosing to change from self. It is the soil in which the substance of Faith is planted and nourished. A willingness toward God's Way prepares the way for glorification, expression of the soul on a higher plane. The actual working of willingness consists of tests undergone for the purpose of transmuting the lower nature and for strengthening mind and emotions against constantly wavering and conflicting reactions.

Let us say that we have done all we can in a practical way toward making adjustment of some problem. Yet the problem continues. Conforming to the principle "Thy Will be done" would be continuing to do all possible to adjust matters but also adopting a willingness to endure, even a choosing to be happy to continue working with the difficulty, realizing that it is strength which we need to generate rather than quick and easy deliverance. In such a case we should not be overcome with panic or frenzy but rather love the problem for the intensification of Spiritual zeal which endurance of it will promote.

Viewed from the human plane the results of our work may not

appear to be profitable but if we could use Spiritual sight we might see the evolving pattern and note how various circumstances contribute to harmony. Judging a piece of tapestry or embroidery from the wrong side is not practical. Looking at it from above, from the right side, reveals a beautiful design.

...Verena Langhammer, D.M.B.

...V...V...V...V...V...V...V...V...V

(continued from page 4)

that it cost thee, from sunrise to sunset thou hast held Despair at bay. It was the bravest stand thou hast ever made. And now, if thou hast lived through this one day, why not another? 'Tis only one hour at a time that thou art called on to endure. Come! By the bloodstone that is thy birthright, pledge me anew thou'lt keep thy oath until the going down of one more sun."

So Aldebaran pledged him one more day, and after that another and another, until a fortnight slowly dragged itself away. And then because he met his hurt so bravely and made no sign, the Jester thought the struggle had grown easier with time.

(to be continued next month)

## T H E T A R O T M A G I C I A N

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